

Increasing. The last gust had been preceded by an ominame roaring down the whole mountain side, which continued for some time after the trees in the valley and had lapsed into siin the valley and had lapsed into silence. The air was filled with faint, tool, souden odor—as of stirred forest depths. In those intervals of silence the darkness beemed to increase in proportion and grow almost palpable. Yet out of this signifies and soundless void now came the tinkle of a spur's rowels, the dry crackling of saddle leathers, and the muffled plunge of a hoof in the thick carnet of dust and desistated leaves. Then a voice, which, in solite of its matter-of-fact reality, the obscurrity lent a certain mystery in the valley and had lapsed into si-

you might send a furnace blast through the woods."

whose trampling hoofs beat out the last fallen spark. Complete darkness and silence again followed. Presently the first speaker continued: "I reckon we'll have to stay here till

"I reckon we'll have to say her cut the next squail clears away the soud from the sky. Hello! What's that?" Out of the obscurity before them appeared a faint light-u dim but per-rectly defined square of radiance— which, however, did not appear to il-leminate anything around it. Sudluminate anything around it. Sud-

mly it disappeared.
"That's a house—it's a light in the inflow," said the second voice.
"House nothing" retorted the first A house with a window on

Galloper's ridge, fifteen miles from anywhere? You're crazy." Nevertheless from the muffled planging and this thing that followed, they seemed to be moving in the direction where the light had appeared.

Then there was a pause.
"There's nothing but a rocky crop-crop here, where a house couldn't scand, and aw're off the trail agan,"

let's get out of this heli-hole while we can!"

It was so much lighter that the bulk of each horseman could be seen as they moved forward together. But there was no thinning of the obscurity on either side of them. Nevertheless the profile of the horseman with the pleasant voice seemed to be occasionally turned backward, and he suddenty checked his horse. They all remained silent looking at They all remained silent looking at

the darkness seemed to Increase in proportion and grow almost pulpable. Yet out of this sightless and soundless void now came the tickle of a spur's rowels, the dry crackling of saddle leathers, and the mattled plunge of a hoof in the thick carnet of dust and descicated leaves. Then, a voice, which, in spite of its matter-of-fact reality, the obscurity lint a certain mystery to, said:

"I can't make out anything! Where the devil have we got to, anyway? It's as b'ack as Tophat here ahead!"

"Strike a light and make a flare with something," returned a second voice, "Look where you're showing to—now—keep your horse off, will ye."

There was more muffled plunging, a splence, the rustle of paper, the quick spurt of a match, and then the uplifting of a flickering flame. But it revealed only the heads and shoulders of three horsemen framed within a nebulous ring of light that still left their horses and even their lower figures in impenetrable shadow. Then a few zigzagging spuzks that were falling to the ground, when a third voice—that was low but somewhat pleasant in its cadence—said:

"Be careful where you throw that. You were careless has time. With this wind and the leawes like tinder you might send a furnace blast through the woods."

cepted it without seeing it. "It's J 10 o'clock," he continued, holding huge silver watch to his eye; "we "Then at least we'd see where we wasted an hour on those blamed."
Nevertheless he moved his horse, whose trampling hoofs beat out the "We wern't off the trail more than

ten minutes, Uncle Dick," protested the pleasant voice.

"All right, my son; go down there! If you like, and fetch out your Witch of Endor, but as for me, I'm going, to throw myself the other side of Col-

The grade was very steep, but they took it. California fashion, at a gallop, being genuinely good riders, and using their brains as well as their spurs in the understanding of their horses, and of certain natural laws which the more artificial riders of civilarity are and to averlook. Hence which the more critical riders of civilization are apt to overlook. Hence there was no hesitation or indecision communicated to the nervous creatures they bestrode, who swept over crumbling stones and slippery ledges with a momentum that took away half their weight, and made a stumble or false step, or indeed anything but, an actual collision, almost impossible. Closing together they avoided the latter, and holding each other well up, became one bresistible wedge-shaped mass. At times they yelled not from consciousness nor bravado, but from the purely animal instinct of warning and to combat the hreathlessness of their descent, until reaching the level, they charged across the gravely bed of a vanished river, and pulled up to the contraction of their descent, until Teaching the level. There's houling of the rindi sgan, "Said the first sgand and we're off the rindi sgan," "Said the first it is again."

The same sonare light appeared once more, but the horsemen had evidently diverged in the darkness, for it seemed to be in a different diverding. But it was more distinct, and as they gazed a shadow appeared upon its redignamm face. Then the light suddenal with it.

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But it was more distinct, and as they gazed a shadow appeared upon its redignamm face. Then the light suddenal with its embed to be in a different diverge, and pulled up at Collinson's mill. The mill itself and long since vanished with it.

"It is a window, and there was some one behind it," said the second speaker embanically.

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"Let's get out of this," said the first speaker, angrily; "hoase or no house, man or woman, we'le not wanted, and we'll make nothing waitzing round here!"

"Hush!" said the second voice.
"S.s.h! Listem."

The leaves of the nearest trees were trilling audifoly. Then came a sudden gust that swent the fronds of the taller ferns into their faces, and laid the thin, lithe whips of alder over their horses, flanks sharply. It was followed by the distant sea-like roaring of the mountain side.

"That's a little more like it." said the items into their faces, and look; There's a lightenin' up over the trail we came by."

There was ladeed a faint glow in that direction like the first suffusion of dawn-permitting the funge shoulder of the mountain, along whose flanks they had been journeying, to be distinctly seen. The sodden breath of the stirred forest depths was slightly tainted with an aerid fume.

"That's the match you threw away two house ago," said the pleasant voice, deliberately. "It's caught the dry brush in the trail round the bend," "Anyhow, it's given us our bearings, boyr," said the first speaker, with sairsified accents. "We're all right now, in the first speaker, with sairsified accents. "We're all right now, in the first speaker, with sairsified accents. "We're all right now, in the first speaker, with sairsified accents. "We're all right now, in the first speaker, with sairsified accents. "We're all right now, in the roal round the bend," "Anyhow, it's given us our bearings, boyr," said the first speaker, with sairsified accents. "We're all right now, in the roal round the bend," "Anyhow, it's given us our bearings, boyr," said the first speaker, with sairsified accents. "We're all right now, in the common the size of the common the size of the same sum had a recent that the same sum had assend that way since he had bear, and there the light now in the kine passed that way since he had bear, and there had bear, and there had bear, and there was guilt and planting of the had been journeying, to be distilla

less the profile of the horseman with the pleusant voice seemed to be occasionally turned backward, and he suddenly checked his horse.

"There's the window again!" he sald. "Look—there! it's gone again."

"Let it go!" returned the leader. "Come on."

They spurred on he silence. It was not long before the wayside trees betan to dimly show space between them, and the ferns to give way to long before the wayside trees betan to dimly show space between them, and the ferns to give way to lover, thick-eet shrinbs, which in turn yielded to a velvety moss, with long, unter theretals of netted and tangled grasses. The regular fall of the horses' feet became a mere rythmic throbbing. Then suddenly a single hoof rang out sharply on stone, and the first speaker relaed in slightly.

"Thank the Lord, we're on it, ridge now! and the rest is easy. Tell you what, though, book, now we're all right, I don't mind saying that I didn't take no stock in that biamed copse light down there. If there ever was a will-o-the-wisp on a square up mountain-that was one. It wasn't no vindow. Some of ye thought ye had to satisty yourself with looking! Gosh! I feel creepy yet, thinking of it! What are you looking back for now, like Lot's wife? Blamed it don't think sort of thing, of course. It's lucky ye had to satisty yourself with looking! Gosh! I feel creepy yet, thinking of it! What are you looking back for now, like Lot's wife? Blamed it don't think sort of thing, of course. It's lucky we had to satisty yourself with looking! Gosh! I feel creepy yet, thinking of it! What are you looking back for now, like Lot's wife? Blamed it don't think sort of thing are your looking back for now, like Lot's wife? Blamed it don't think sort of thing is played on the profit see it now."

"Yes, and a rawher pretty one," said the pleasant voloe, The fire should will a siling the profit of this sout of think sort of thing is played on the profit of the south of the profit of the south of the profit of the south of the profit of this sout of thinks and the pre



They were all very quiet again, so quiet that they could not help noticing that the sound of Collinson's prepara-all Jim Parker means; he's a business tions for their supper had ceased, too. Uncle Dick arose softly and walked to the kitchen door. Collinson was sitting before a small kitchen stove, with a "Why-hang it—our friends, o

Suppose we go



"IT WAS ONLY THE TORN PRAGMENTS OF PARKER'S DRAFT."

The three men's heads were close together.

"When Collinson fixed up this mill he sent for his wife in the States," said Uncle Dick, in a half whisper, waited a year for her, hanzing around and boarding every eneignant wagon that came through the pass. She didn't come—only the news that she was dead." He paused and nudged his chair still closer—the heads were almost touching. "They say—over in the bar"—his voice had sunk to a complete whisper—"that it was

fork in his hand, gazing abstractedly before him. At the sound of his guest's footsteps he started, and the noise of preparation recommenced. Uncle Dick creturned to his chair by the fire. Leaning toward the chair of the close-shaven main, he said in a lower voice: "He was off agin."

"What?"

"What?"

"Thinkin' of that wife of his."

"What about his wife?" asked Key, lowering his voice also.

The three men's heads were close together.

"When Collinson fixed up this mill he sent for his wife in the States;" said Uncle Dick, in a half whisper, his shoulders.

sumed to have ended. But Collinson did not glance in the direction of Parker for the rest of the evening, and, indeed, standing with his back to the chimney, more than once fell into that stolid abstraction which was supposed to be the contemplation of his absent wife.

From this silence, which became infectious, the three guests were suddenly aroused by a furious clattering down the steep descent of the mountain—along the trail they had just ridden! It came near, increasing in sound, until it even seemed to scatter the fine gravel of the river bed against the sides of the house, and then passed in a gust of wind that shook the root and reared in the chimney. With one common impulse the three travelers rose and went to the door. They opened it to a blackness that seemed to stand as another and an iron door

rose and went to the door. They opened it to a blackness that scenned to stand as another and an iron door before them. But to nothing else.

"Somebody went by then," said Uncle Dick, turning to Collinson, "Didn't you hear it?"

"Nary," said Collinson, patiently, without moving from the chimney.

"What in God's name was it then?"

"Only some of them boulders you loosed coming down. It's touch and go with them for days after. When I first came here I used to start up and rush out into the road—like as you would-yellin' and screechin' after folks that never was there and never went by. Then it got kinder monotonous, and I'd lie still and let 'em slide, Why, one night, I'd a sworn that some one pulled up with a yell and shook the door. But I sort of allowed to myself that whatever it was, it wasn't wantin' to eat, drink or sleep, or it would come in—and I hadn't any call to interfere, And in the mornin' I found a rock as big as that box lyin' chocka-block agin the door. Then I knowed I was right."

Preble Key remained looking from

Preble Key remained looking from "There's a glow in the sky over Big Canyon," he said, with a meaning glance at Uncle Dick.

"Saw it an hour ago," said Collinson.
"It must be the woods after just round
the bend above the canyon. Whoever
goes to Skinner's better give it a
wide berth."

wide berth."

Key turned towards Collinson as If to speak, but apparently changed his mind, and presently joined his companions, who were already rolling themselves in their blankets, in a series of wooden bunks or berths, ranged as in a ship's cabin, around the walls of a resinous, sawdusty apartment. **THERE AIN'T THE GIOTT OF A SILVER INDICATION ANYWHERE THE GIOTT OF A SILVER INDICATION ANYWHITE ANY WILL AND A SILVER INDICATION ANYWHITE ANY WILL AND A SILVER INDICATION AND A SILVER IN A S

inal disappointment of their quest. If they ever met again they would laugh and remember; if they did not they would forget without a sigh. He hurriedly dressed himself and went outside to dip his face and hands in the bucket that stood beside the door; but the clear air, the dazzing sun-

outside to dip his face and hands in the bucket that stood beside the door; but the clear air, the dazsing sunshine, and the unexpected prospect half infoxicated him.

The abandoned mill stretched beside him in all the pathos of its premature decay. The ribs of the water-wheel appeared amid a tangle of shrubs and driftwood, and were twined with sawdust and heaps of "brush" had taken upon themselves a velvety moss where the trickling slime of the vanished river lost itself in sluggish pools, discolored with the dyes of redwood. But on the other side of the rocky tedge dropped the whole length of the valley, alternately bathed in sunshine or hidden in drifts of white and clinging smoke. The upper end of the long canyon, and the crests of the ridge above him, were lost in this fleety cloud, which at times seemed to overflow the summits and fall fin slow leaps, like lazy cataracts down the mountain side. Only the range before the ledge was clear; there the green pines seemed to swell onward and upward in long mounting billows, until at last they broke against the sky.

In the keen stimulus of the hour and the air key felt the mountaineer's longing for action, and scarcely noticed that Collinson had pathetically brought out his pork barret to scrape together a few remnants for his last meal. It was not until he thad

cally brought out his perk barret to scrape together a few remnants for his last meal. It was not until he had finished his coffee and Collinson had brought up his horse that a slight sense of shame at his own and his comrades' selfishness embarrassed his parting with his patient host. He himself was going to Skinner's to plead for him; he knew that Parker had left the draft—he had seen it lying in the bar, but a new sense of delicacy kept him from alluding to it now. It was better to leave him with his own peculiar ideas of the responsibilities of hospitality unchanged. He shook his hand warmly and galloped up the rocky slope. But when he had finally reached the higher level and fancied he could even now see the fancied he could even now see the dust raised by his departing comrades on their two diverging paths, although he knew that they had already gone their different ways—perhaps never to meet again, his thoughts and his eyes reverted only to the ruined mill below him and its tonely occupant.

REASYCAMORE

READ THIS!

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH NO. 196, SALT LAKE, JULY 5, 1805.

M. R. EVANS:

Reports received up to this noon show that the Crimson Rim Syracusa riders won over three hundred and twenty prizes yesterday; more to follow. It was a glorious day for us. Hip! Huroo for the Crimson Rim and the Sycamore riders. Notify all your agents immediately. This number of winnings breaks all world's records for one day as to the number of prizes ever won by one manufacturer.

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M. Stambuloff was a man of iron will sel. M. Stambaloff was a man of from will sel. The derendant was Barber Ferminand and perfect courage, moral as well as annot Hautz. He is a typical German, physical, and was a sincere lover of the country which he first helped to free from the Turk and then protected, almost single-handed, against Russian intrigue.

Young Lewis, the aggrieved, testified single-handed, against Russian intrigue. He had, however, the defects of char-

He had, however, the defects of character which seem almost inseparable from the makers of nations. Like Rismarck, and—in a lesser degree—Cavour, he was always arbitrary and often unscruptions; seeming to consider that any and every means for belping his country were justified. This attitude of mind led him into doing many violent and oppressive things and involved him in furious personal animosities.

He fell, however, not so much because of the hatred with which he inspired many Bulgarians of the ruling class as because of the Jealousy and ingratitude of Prince Ferdinand. The "Coberger" could not endure to be reminded once a day that he owed his throne to Stambuloff. Essides Prince Ferdinand was mad to be recognized as a real prince by Russia. Without such recognition, the diplomats at Sofia could not wear their decoration when they dined with him, or otherwise treat him as full royalty; and this, though it mattered none in substance, made his position seem worthless to the half German half Orleanist princefing.

Prince Ferdinand was very foolish. Had he kept Stambuloff and endured the dinners with black coats he might not only have weathered the storm but increased his dominious. As it is, he is very likely to go under in the cyclone which is breaking over the Balkan peninsula. We do not, of course, believe that Prince Ferdinand and had anything to do with the assassing the will bear a great part of the odium.—London Spectator.

BASEBALL ON THE STAGE.

An exhibition of a miniature game of baseball was given at Palmer's theatre, Broadway and Thirtieth street, yesterday afternoon in which four innings of the Broadway and Thirtieth street, yesterday afternoon in which four innings of the New York-Pitisburg game of the day previous were played. The stage is erected on the incline toward the audience, and laid out in the order of a regular baseball held, with a diamond and miniature figures, about two feet in height dressed in baseball uniforms representing the teams, with umpire, coachers and even the players upon the bench. The catcher has his back to the spectators, who are supposed to be the grand-stand patrons. It is called the automatic baseball game and every detail of a game the New York club is playing can be produced so minutely, no mater what city they are in, that noe even a called hall, a strike, a foul hit back over the grand-stand, or the most insignificant detail of the game will be missed. Even the figures which make the tour of the bases slide to the bases when necessity requires it to be done. The theatre will be open to the public on Tuesday next, when will be reproduced the game of baseball in which the New Yorks take part, just as the actual plays are made.—New York Times.

The time to sell is when the other

fellow wants to buy.

A BARBER HAS A FINE TO PAY. It Cost Him \$15 to Refuse to Cut'n Negro's Hair.

It cost a Cambridge barber 315 for refusing to cut a colored man's hair. The case was heard before Judge Almy , in the Cambridge district court. plaintiff was a young colored man named Lewis, a brother and ward of W. H. Lewis, the famous Harvard footthen STAMBULOFF'S CHARACTERISTICS. ball player. Lewis, the elder, who won honors at the Harvard law school, as well as on the fleld, was in court and sut by the side of the plaintiff's coun-sel. The defendant was Barber Ferdi-

a week ago Saturday night and asked acter which seem almost inseparable for a hair cut. The barber turned him from the makers of nations. Like Rismarck, and—in a lesser degree—Cavour, he was always arbitrary and often unable to the was always arbitrary and often unable to the was busy. Lewis went away and re-

other barber shops handy and that he was busy. Lewis went away and returned later in company with another colored fellow. Still no satisfaction was obtained.

The barber claimed that when Lewis made his first visit to his shop he did not ask for a hair cut, but simply made a motion to that effect by running his fingers through his hair. When he returned the second time it was nearly 12 o'clock, and he did not want to work any more that night. any more that night. Counsel for the barber intimated that

the affair was a "put up job," and that Lewis, the elder, was behind it all. The court replied that it did not matter if he was and a Hamiltonian to the court and so Hautz was fined \$15. He paid.-Boston Transcript.

AN ILLINOIS COLLEGE SUSTAINED. After twenty-five years of struggle, on account of inadequate means, the on account of imadequate means, the trustees of Carthage college, at Carthage, Ill., decided to close the institution this fall. A proposition, however, was submitted by Mr. Denhurt, of Washington, Ill., to give \$10,000 to the college providing the Lutheran church, controlling the college, gives \$5000 and the citizens put in \$10,000 worth of improvements. The church and the citizens have accorded the proposition and zens have accepted the proposition and announced that the college will open in September,—Chicago Record.

MUST SUPPORT THEIR PARENTS. The court of Lehigh county has been called upon several times to make a decree compelling children to support their aged parents. It is not compildecree compening canarea to support their aged parents. It is not complimentary to any man or woman that it should be necessary to invoke the law to enforce him or her to take care of the old folks when they are unable to care for themselves, but to cover such cases the legislature very properly passed a bill, and the governor signed it, providing for the maintenance of parents by their children.—Allentown (Pa.) Register. (Pa.) Register.

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